

1973

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thoughts dreams hopes works loves hates man God ah
communicate give help brother sincerity cope amens

73-7541

OUR OWN WORDS

Writings by Mitchell College Students

Compiled and edited by



Creative Writers' Fraternity

Statesville, N. C.

April, 1973

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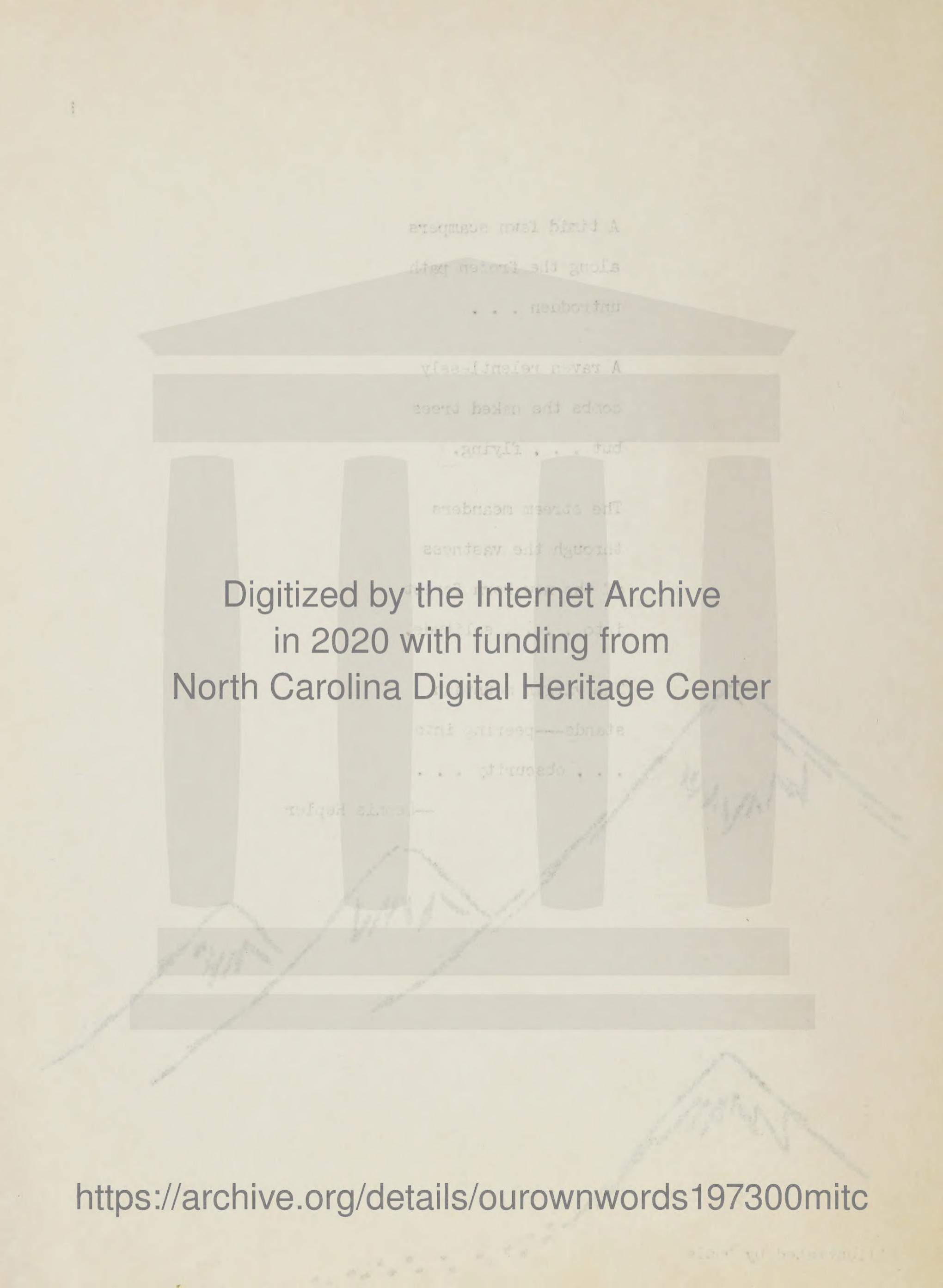
A timid fawn scampers
along the frozen path
untrodden . . .

A raven relentlessly
combs the naked trees
but . . . flying.

The stream meanders
through the vastness
of the new born forest
into . . . solitude.

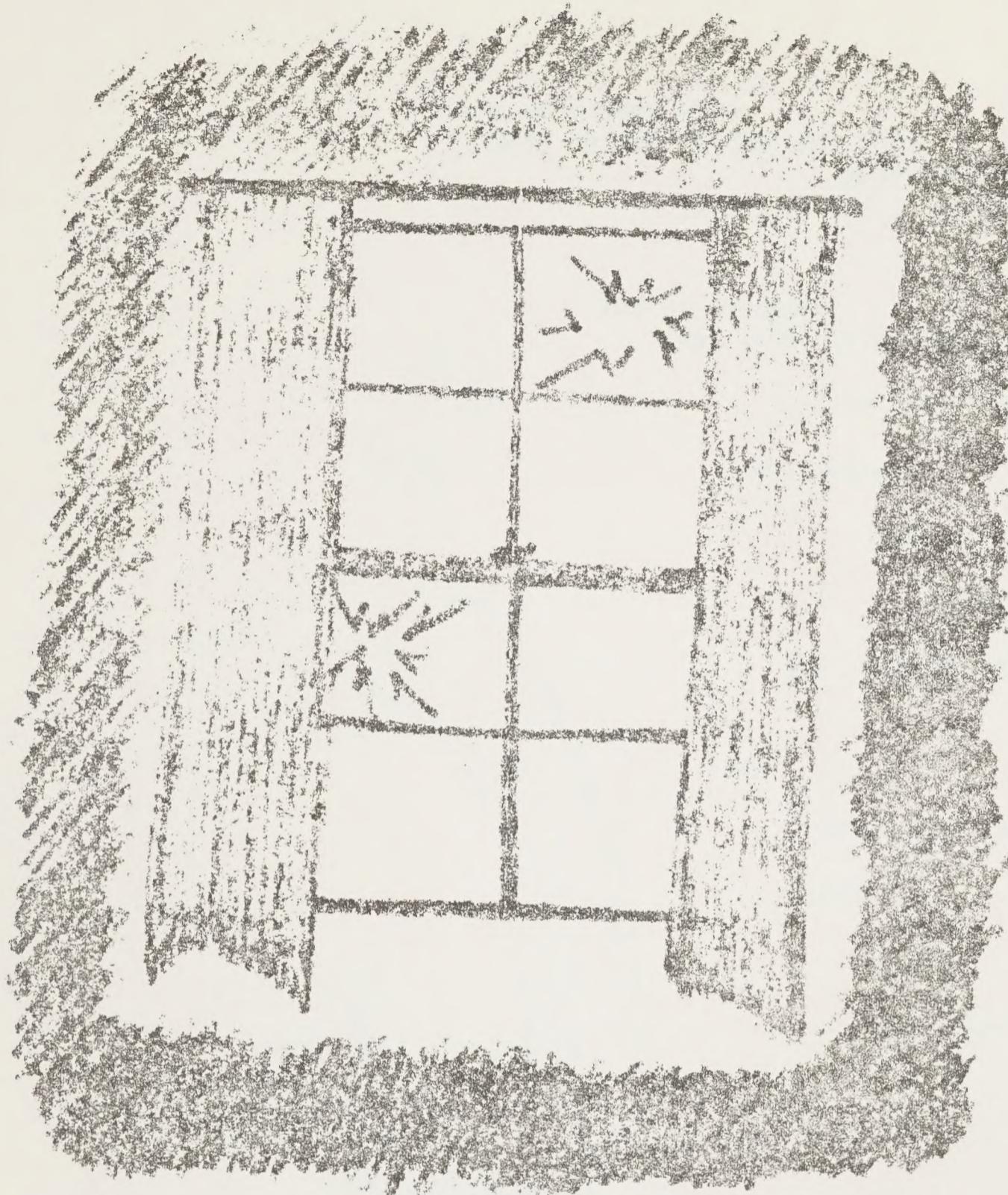
The virgin mountain
stands---peering into
. . . obscurity . . .

--Dennis Hepler



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Lonely people are like dark houses.
They each need the light of love
shining through the windows of
their hearts.

--Melody

illustrated by Susie

There is always hope.
Even broken dreams can rise
phoenix-like
from the ashes of despair.

And so believe
that even as you bow your head

and whisper "Why?"

God answers

that

things

are working well.

See?

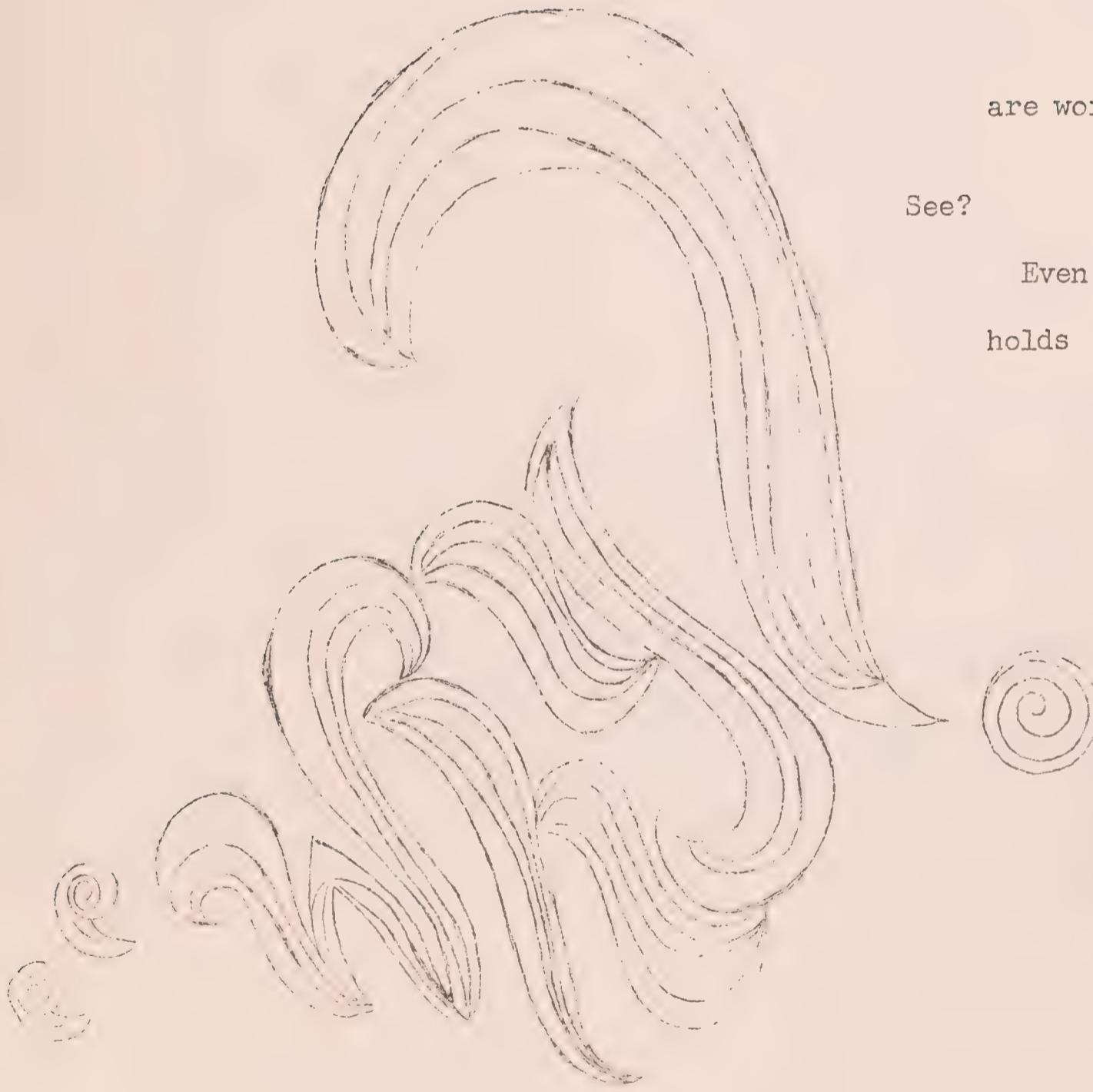
Even your teardrop

holds

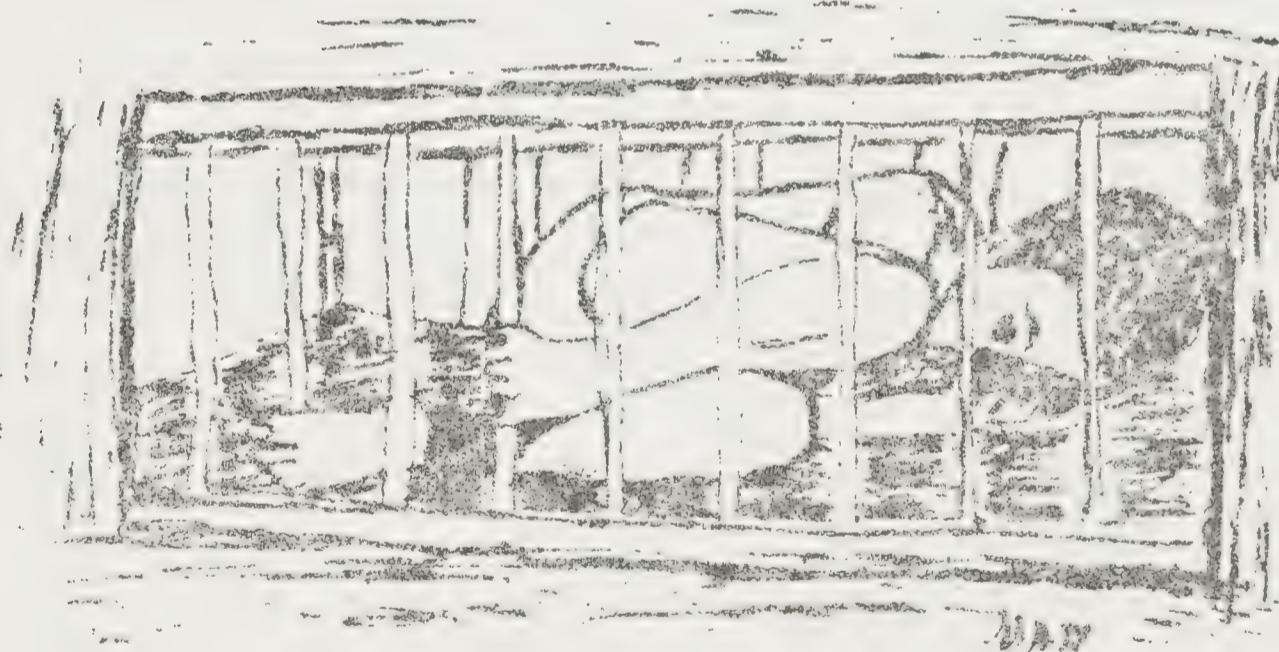
a

rainbow.

--Melody



Inside of every man
there is a hidden child
appearing when he can
through a swift and fleeting smile
Who watches the world
through bright and shining eyes,
sees not the stones that are hurled
nor the darkening of the skies.
When alone, he ventures out
and runs to catch the gentle wind.



John Manning

NO LOVE IS EVER LOST

Love goes in rings
Just as a stone,
Thrown into a meadow lake,
Begins the endless motion
Of a hundred rhythmic ripples.
Even a little bit of love
Can go round the world
Moving gently from one to one,
Gathering strength as it's passed on,
Caring not for race,
Or place,
Only making kings of all.
So each stone of love,
Cast forth into the sea of man,
Begins the rings,
Begins to grow,
A thousand ways,
A thousand days,
And will never die but go round and round
From birth throughout eternity.

IT WILL STAND

My love stands on a mountain,
congruent and adjacent to her
mountain of love;
except . . .

Her mountain stands taller,
not that mine is trivial.
Her mountain stands more vivid,
not that mine is drab.
Her mountain shadows over mine,
not that mine is hidden.

My mountain may be inferior,
but it will never crumble;
It will stand . . . forever.

--Dennis Hepler

The Flower

The petals so beautiful and bright,
The stem so sweet and tender;
Once it bloomed with grace and beauty;
Now it is withered and dying.
Once it bloomed with love and concern;
Now it cares for nothing.

When we have no further Use of this
flower,
Should we just pluck it from our garden?
Remember, this flower survives on love,
Instead of water.

--Dennis Hepler

BROTHERS

We met as enemies,
or supposedly enemies.
They said we would hate;
but not us.
We were like hungry animals
over a scrap of bread.
But we didn't hate.

We fought battles
no one realized,
just as no one
knew our love.
We craved something
that didn't exist;
instead, we established
a unique friendship.

We stood together,
fought together,
cried together,
and laughed together.
We endured a Hell
no one knew and
conceived a Heaven
no one could understand.

When he departed,
we stood as--brothers.

Dennis Hepler

INSTEAD OF SAYING
"I am the center
of the universe,"
It seems more fitting to say
"The universe
is my center."

TO BE NOTHING
is to be somebody.
To not decide
is to decide.

David Millsaps

I NEED SOMEONE TO PULL ME THROUGH,
 To fill the awful void
 Myself leaves within me.
 Me is a terrible thing
 That eats itself alive
 If left with itself alone.
 Oh, and what I need most is you.
 Can you fill the void
 And make me live with myself again?
 Can you cause me to love the
 world again
 Instead of looking in from without?
 I love the world and its people,
 Yet I cannot find one who will
 love me,
 Simply, as one of the people of
 The earth.

--Elizabeth Walker Hammond

Back to my old efficient self
 Am i.
 And i have given far more
 Than i have got
 And i have taken far more
 Than others have taken from me.
 Damn it --
 It's time to give a little back,
 And i'm tired of trying to
 please.

--Elizabeth Walker Hammond

SADNESS OVERCOLES ME,
 And yet I know well
 That it is only a second
 In the long years of sadness
 That await me.
 The only thing I can do
 Is take it.

--Elizabeth Walker Hammond

IF YOU ARE BORED BY CLASS,
 Do not doodle
 Or fidget in your seat.
 Don't yawn and look bored.
 No, look interested.
 By no means let yourself fall
 asleep.
 The best thing to do is
 leave.
 For that is honesty.

--Elizabeth Walker Hammond

Society's Game

All the world is just one big playground with people living in their own little worlds and playing the role of everyday life. Is this a crime?

If people believe that they are happy or are trying hard to be happy and satisfied, why destroy their dreams? Why tell them what is right or wrong, or what they should do instead of what they want to do?

Are you so dissatisfied in your role that you have to hurt others who are trying to get ahead and find their happiness and self-satisfaction? If you are not complete in your happiness, then keep searching for your place in life until you are truly satisfied with yourself as an individual. Never say you cannot find this completion of yourself; that is an escape from facing reality. If the desire is true, then God will help you with your goals. If you have to spend twenty-five years looking for happiness, then, when you find it, you will enjoy every second as if those twenty-five years were not in any way wasted, because you have achieved your highest goals.

Everyone is one of a kind with his own ideas of life; whether or not these ideas appear to be the same as those of others, they are ideas which have come from one's own self. Your ideas are yours and yours alone. As the years go on you might despair about when your happiness will come. It will; with searching and God's will.

Society has nothing to do with life except for the society seekers, and even they wonder if their friends really care.

God created all men equal. Whether you are the President of the United States or living on welfare, you are still made by the same pattern in which God made all men. You are only what you make yourself to be or what you want to be.

Life is too beautiful to fight with your brother; if you do not approve of his life style, why hurt him for living his life as he, an individual, wants to live?

The only reason you turn him away is because of what you yourself were conditioned to believe. If you had been taught to accept everyone as an individual person, then, as long as the person did not kill or harm anyone, would you condemn him for the role he is playing?

--Natalie Kearns

Morning -
 Snarls of fluff
 Dissolving slowly.
 Silent folklore, fast dreams
 Zipping through minds over
 Breakfast and oranges.
 Blurry stars shimmer faded
 Overhead. Sunny
 Light washes away strange balloons
 In sleepy minds, grasping concrete
 Thoughts.

Melinda Lott

Do you sea it?
 Alternate layers of petals and
 spices,
 Brush through sticky strands
 of doubt -
 Run barefoot through snows
 of love,
 Now you're numb and you
 begin your day.

Melinda Lott

The sun groaned today,
 i saw it feel of
 hundreds of bodies.
 The sun groaned today,
 i saw it try to make love
 with a shadow.
 The sun groaned today,
 i saw it give birth
 to time.
 The sun groaned today,
 i saw it turn its back on me
 and i was drenched with
 virgin tears.

Melinda Lott

Eric

My mind is chasing
after a white rabbit -
running scared through
a maze
named life.

Occasionally we can stop running
to sit beneath a tree and talk.

Breathlessly he tells me of a giant and
snarling dog named loneliness -
of a screeching eagle whose
talons drip with the blood of
self centered people.

His darting eyes catch a
glimpse of an inner room and
the chase continues again
until the trees turn into a forest.

Melinda Lott

Tangles of angel hair float
Through minds,
Strobe lights, blue beams
That tap clock wound
Bodies awhile brewing black
Pokes, waiting for the alarm
To run down -

Melinda Lott

Evaluation of English one-oh-one

by Steve Messick

English one-oh-one has been a cavalcade of joy, excitement, passion, and stimulating thought. It has followed the system of programmed learning, were you are programmed to learn. You are told what is expected of you and the best way to go about it. This is opposed to unprogrammed learning, where I suppose you are told what not to do and how not to do it. The former is more effective, but the latter is more adventurous.

The content is what is contained in the course. This course contained English. Lots of English. At times I thought we were in England. In general, the content was what we needed even if we didn't think so at the time.

There are not many changes that I would make. I do think that for immotavaded students, threts of physical violence might be helpful.

This course has done a lot for me. It has raised my sprits, lifted my goals, and caused permanent damage to my brain. I am glad I took it. I really am. Why, it has even taught me to spill.

GROWING UP IS....

Not having to sit on a board to
get your hair cut.

Not needing a baby-sitter.

Being able to cross the street without
having someone take your hand.

At last hearing the words "You're
old enough to look after yourself."

Being able to look after younger
children.

Not having to drink milk at
every meal.

Being allowed to go swimming
alone.

Finally being away from home.

--Mary Jane Blackley

AFTER YOU'RE GONE

WELL, YOU'RE GONE.
 I SIGH AND LEAN
 AGAINST THE DOOR
 IN WHICH YOU STOOD
 ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE.
 AND THERE'S YOUR CUP,
 YOUR LIPS OUTLINED
 ON THE BRIM
 AND THE TASTE OF YOU
 STILL FRESH IN ITS
 ENDLESS...
 ONLY MOMENTS, YOU SAY?
 IT SURE DOES SEEM LIKE
 A LOT LONGER TO ME.

--Bobbie Jo Morrow

excuse me

I GOT LOST IN YOUR EYES
 THE OTHER DAY.

SO DEEP AND DARK,
 THEY ARE.

I TRACED THE OUTLINE
 OF YOUR SMILE
 AS I WATCHED YOU FORM
 EACH SYLLABLE.

YOUR VOICE,
 SO WARM AND INVITING....
 SAY, DO I SEEM FORWARD?

WELL,

excuse me.

--Bobbie Jo Morrow

TIME

"GIVE ME TIME,"
 YOU SAID.

"TIME TO FIND
 MYSELF,
 TIME TO SEE
 THE WORLD."

TOO LATE, I SEE
 THAT THE WORLD
 IS NO BIGGER
 THAN ANOTHER
 GIRL'S ARMS.

AND WHEN YOU
 FOUND YOURSELF,
 YOU LOST ME.

--Bobbie Jo Morrow

WITHIN MY REACH

A flicker
of love
I saw
in your eyes today...
Only a flicker.

A smile
of love
I saw
touch your face today...
Only a smile.

A kiss
of love
I saw
and I have within my reach today...

Only a flicker
Only a smile
Only a kiss
Just within my reach today...

What about tomorrow?

--Bobbie Jo Morrow

SUCCESS STORY

The other night,
I decided
I would not think of you
Every minute
Of every day.

Well, I'm proud to say
I have succeeded.
I only think
Of you
Every other minute.

--Bobbie Jo Morrow

POETRY

Many people love poetry. In recent years, though, the younger generation has appreciated more and understood a more complex pattern which reveals the feeling of the individual. The interpretation of poetry is a beautiful thing, almost as beautiful as the actual writing. When a person can go on the inside, read past the written words, and really understand or make an attempt to understand what the poet is trying to say--when a person can read poetry in this manner instead of just reading lines-by-lines, then that is beautiful.

Poetry is the most creative gift among all God-given talents. To express oneself in words is a very hard thing to do for a lot of individuals. It has been said that "a picture paints a thousand words." Sure it does, but it doesn't express the exact interpretation of your ideas. All is beautiful, but not the way poetry can be.

---Harvey Reid

WORLD

I awake in the morning,
I awake into a world full of scorns,
hardships.

I take a look at the world in
a new day and a different aspect.

I step out onto my porch, wanting
to breathe in the beauty of the land,
cough! cough! but can't cough!
because the air is still full of hatred,
pollution, and the staleness of poverty.

I walk on down the street
tripping every other step. Why? Because
I'm still in the Ghetto.

I'm in school now. My
teacher tells me that you've got to get
all you can, that you've got to go now
or else never exist.

I'm out of school now, but
why do things . . . ? It is still the same
world, no matter how you look at it,
same scorns, same abuses, same hardships.

---Harvey Reid

"SOMETHING SPECIAL"

We can't love each other, because we've tried.
 But we are more than just friends--
 We have something special.
 No one knows of it, except you and me.
 There are no words to describe it,
 but we are aware of its presence.
 It's not always been there--hate used
 to take its place. But as time elapsed,
 hate faded, and this "something special"
 took control.
 It permits us to talk freely to each other,
 seriously;
 To act silly together because we enjoy
 each other's company.
 It's a nice thing to have--

Don't YOU wish
 you had a "something special"?

--Alice Sherrill

HOPE

Hope is a word that has only four letters,
 And yet it can mean the difference between
 life and death.

Hope can be the new boy you met will ask you
 for a date.
 Hope can be praying that the person you love
 will live through the night.
 Hope is watching a baby take his first step.
 Hope is the feeling that some day you will
 really grow to love someone very deeply.
 Hope is seeing a mentally retarded child
 as he says his first word.
 Hope is awaiting the day when war
 will be no more.
 And, last but not least,
 Hope is LOVE for your fellowman.

--Alice Sherrill

SHE

All alone in a world of privacy
 She lives, fulfilling every day.
 People help her along life's way.
 She is but a blade of grass in a meadow all alone,
 Yearning for the companionship of fellowman.
 You see, she is blind--but only by sight.
 The world is blinder by far.

--Alice Sherrill

SO

As you walk alone, you seem to be aware of
everything.

The flowers and trees all at once come alive;
The things around you make you think that there
still may be hope for the world.

As you look around you, you have pity for the
many people of the world who are mistreated
and those that will die, having not a moment
of happiness in their lives.

You begin to think how unfair some of the
world is to the people that live in it.
You ask yourself, "What can be done?"
You try to answer your own question--but somehow
there seems to be no answer.

By this time you have returned to society.
Once more, people are all around--not caring
about what you think.
So, you go on--the same way as usual--and
you finally decide to leave some of the
problems of the world to someone else that
will be listened to.

--Alice Sherrill

He

He took from my life only a few short hours,
But in those hours I matured.

He has taught me how to love,
but yet, not to love.
I cannot say that that is the way,
but it prevents the pain--the pain that
grows from being involved.

He has taught me the meaning of jealousy
and the pain it brings.
(Don't worry, my friend--it won't happen again.)

I hope he finds someone who loves as
he loves
And love.

--Alice Sherrill

JUST LIKE WE NEVER USED TO

If words could have carried
the meanings that my heart
felt, then maybe we could
have had more to say to
one another.

If hands could have touched
with just the right amount
of gentleness, then maybe
we would have made love.

And if my smile could have
made you laugh at the
times that you were
down, then maybe we
wouldn't have cried.

Oh, if I could have only
done these things, then
maybe we could have
gotten along...just
like we never used to.

Becky F. Sherrill

I DIDN'T DO YOU ANY GOOD.
I didn't do my best for you.
I didn't give you reason to smile.
I didn't act like me around you.
I didn't want to go but
I didn't want to stay.

Becky F. Sherrill

The Grass That You've Broken

I'm walking behind you
not stopping on the grass that
you've broken.
I'm talking about you
not speaking the lies that
you've spoken.

Becky F. Sherrill

SERENITY IN TIME

The candle was still burning --
the way she had left it.
The ground felt the same.
The field was still frozen and covered
with snow -- the way they had left
it when they took to heavens to leave
behind them all things that mattered.

The wind found a strong hold
in your soul as you stood there wondering
where they would go.

No matter you
can not change the serenity of it
all; the simplicity;
the awareness that somehow
the cycle must continue--

People, places; the weather
worn and frozen faces must be seen
again and again and again.

Yet you somehow manage to
cling to and seek out, in farthest
and most remote parts of yourself,
the reality that you too are human.

And somehow you know that it
is wrong to even wish the field weren't
frozen, and they were still there.

So you'll wait. The same
way you have waited a hundred
times before

Until they all die away

--Sonny Slate

MY LOVE, IT'S A WHISPER IN MY HEART

My love isn't one that I can share;
I can't shout it out,
I can't sing of it;
It is a whisper in my heart.

Each day passes, I think of it,
Mostly when I'm alone with myself,
In the dark.

My eyes are closed and my heart is open.

It's like a fairy tale,
Decorated with rose petals and dew drops,
But when my eyes reopen
I see the light, it isn't real.

Every day is one more step toward my future,
One step away from my past,
One step closer to reality,
One step further from my love.

My love isn't one that I can share;
I can't shout it out,
I can't sing of it,
It's a whisper in my heart.

---Susie Woods

Happiness is:

making good grades.
the beginning of summer vacation.
finally getting your driver's license.
Christmas.
your birthday.
a lot of money to spend as you please.
And

Happiness is

making another person happy.

--Mary Jane Blackley

Scene

Snow-capped hills rushed quickly
yet quietly in as if they were playing
a game.

The tall reeds seemed to fight
one another to reach the highest
in the wind.

The air seemed to draw out of you
as the light was stifled by
darkness.

A masquerade of sand crabs
fought relentlessly to bury themselves
somewhere, while the ocean
became a mass of colors thrown
together in a hundred different
ways. Depending on the mood
of the moon.

You thought you saw something
out of the corner of your eye.
Out there somewhere. You don't
really want to know what it was.
You don't care.

The waves bouncing inside you
seem to be saying, "Reach
out, this is where you belong."

The clouds loping around the
dome of light seem to ask one
another, "Who is he?"

The answer you somehow managed
to blurt out carried into the past.
So you yell again;

You can hear clearly now,
as the wind somehow managed
to blow past your mind this
time, and that faraway voice
was saying, "Welcome home, my child."

You're not sure whether the voice
came from him or inside yourself.
But you heard it. Maybe it came
out of the beer can. But no!
It's full of sand, and sand
doesn't talk. Does it?

--Sonny Slate

A DUCK

He dove his head under the clear
green water, rose rather suddenly
as if to see if his appearance was
all in place.

He ruffled his feathers about his
neck and in a careless manner
looked all around himself at all
the others who looked the same
as he.

Perhaps it was a drop of water
that fell off his nose and rippled
the solitude.

He flashed his splendid head
around again; to gain a new undisturbed
reflection of himself.

Then moving his well rested feet
he and his partner parted company,
at least for a while,

Turning around as if to see
if he were being followed, he seemed
to close his eyes and rather slowly
came to a halt.

Contently he stared at the sky
and riffled his tail feathers
to make sure they were still there:
Shining, clean and projective.

He swam away

--Conrad slate

Life is:

the day you came into the world
a helpless babe.
that first encounter with the emotion
of love as a child.
the first time you were hurt by someone.
the helplessness you felt
when you were sent to the first grade.
your inconceivable longings for
that little person you met at the
playground.
the thrill of being a third-
grader and having two years of school
under your belt.

Your first dance.
going one step higher to high school and
playing football.
the Junior-Senior Prom.
You are now a senior in High School.

Going off to college
meeting that Special Someone.
getting married
having children
seeing them grow.

Life is a cycle which is turned
by the wheels of time.

--Jonathan Allen

DREAMS

A fading mist
A beautiful wisp
Unintelligible sights
and sounds
Unrealistic beings haunting
the mind
The lust of passion which is the
fire of Hell

And all because
of one night's sleep.

--Jonathan Allen

Our joys come rolling in like waves on the beach,
but our sorrows are like the waves going out.

--Jonathan Allen

THE DAY MONTY HALL STOOD STILL

by Bill Moose

The alleyway was empty, except for two battered, overflowing trash cans. The air beside the cans began to glow as though it was red hot. Suddenly, two figures appeared in the glowing spot. They stood approximately five feet, eight inches tall and resembled blackberries on legs, their bulbous bodies giving the appearance of a conglomeration of small globes joined for some altogether undefinable purpose. One of the creatures carried a small, ornately wrapped parcel, while the other peered nervously into the street.

"How do we handle this, Mirkin?" the nervous one asked.

"Very simple. We just find someone in authority, give them the ultimatum, and then take the answer back to the Chief. Don't worry, Al-phar," Mirkin assured, "I've done this lots of times. You'll get used to it."

"Suppose I don't live long enough? What if the natives attack us?"

"We've got diplomatic immunity. Even if you are killed, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that this planet will be immediately incinerated and that your wife will collect a nice government pension the rest of her life. Not to mention your posthumous medal," Mirkin kidded with mock seriousness. "Let's go."

Mirkin strode quickly out of the alley into the sunlit street on his spider-thin legs. Al-phar, who feared for his safety in the street, nevertheless hastened after his superior as he did not wish to remain in the sinister, cluttered alley.

Once in the street, Mirkin paraded jauntily, enjoying the new sights. In the distance, Al-Phar saw something approaching and automatically cowered in Mirkin's wake. The strange figure drew steadily nearer and Al-phar's panic increased. Mirkin ignored the alien with imperial disdain.

Al-phar was amazed when the creature passed them without a second glance. When this had happened several times, he began to walk with more authority alongside Mirkin.

"How will we know when we've found the center of authority?" Al-phar questioned as he searched outsides of buildings that surrounded them.

"Oh, signs of unusual amounts of activity, lots of people moving around. That's one way. Or you could just ask someone."

The two extraterrestrials turned a corner, and down the block they saw a large group of strangely dressed and shaped beings.

Al-phar stopped immediately, fearing it was a mob. Mirkin, however, walked rapidly toward them, showing no fear. Al-phar timidously followed him.

One of the group, who was chivying the others about, noticed Mirkin and Al-phar. "All right," he said appreciatively. "Now that's what we've been looking for. Hurry up! It's almost time to go in."

Mirkin and Al-phar allowed themselves to be hurried into line and then inside the building. They looked around them at what they assumed were other ambassadors.

"Take a look at these creatures," Mirkin whispered. "Some of them appear to be the regular humanoid inhabitants of this planet, but the others--I don't know. They look like gross caricatures, in some ways humanoid, but definitely not in others. Whatever and wherever they are from, it is plainly obvious that we are superior. Why, even the palace guard outside recognized it. Can the Leader fail to notice? I'm certain that he will accept our petition. Since I anticipate no difficulties, I think you should handle this one."

Al-phar had not been listening to his superior as he was too busy trying to remain calm while surrounded by the aliens. It was one thing to see their pictures in books, but to sit beside them was unnerving. However, when Mirkin handed the small, flat, square package to him, his fear of the aliens was replaced by a much larger one. He gingerly took the ultimatum. "Are you sure about this?" he asked in a quavering voice. "I mean, I've only been out of the Institute for six months."

"Don't worry about it. You'll do fine," Mirkin said confidently. Any further words of encouragement were forestalled as the line reached a large auditorium, where they were ushered to seats.

They had been seated only shortly when they heard a burst of organ music, and a voice shouting, "Welcome to America's marketplace, 'Let's Make a Deal!' And now here's t.v.'s big dealer, Monty Hall!"

Al-phar was astonished when those seated around him began to leap up and down, shouting and cheering. He had always been taught that audiences with monarchs were conducted in a very sedate manner. It was obvious that they were trying to attract the attention of a medium-sized, dark-haired, smiling man who bounded down the steps. This has to be the Leader, he thought. Al-phar realized that in the tumult they might be ignored. He started to stand up, when he felt Mirkin's light touch on his arm.

"Decorum, Al-phar, decorum," he cautioned. "No unseemly show of emotion. Maintain your calm and he will recognize us for what we are--superior beings, the only ones here worthy of his interest."

Al-phar settled slowly back onto his padded chair. The noisy outburst continued, but just as Mirkin had prophesied, the Leader approached them.

"Would you two please stand? What are your names?"

"This is Mirkin, and I am Al-phar," the younger diplomat said squeakily.

"All right, Al and Mirkin Phar, what have you brought for me?"

Al-phar was flustered by the Leader's error with their names. He might have frozen had he not felt the gentle nudge of Mirkin's elbow in his side. Al-phar shoved the formal ultimatum at the Leader and blurted, "Will you accept our suzerainty?"

"Of course I will," the Leader laughed, amused by the formality of the statement, and casually put under his arm the ultimatum demanding that he recognize the overlordship of the Vhlcava state in return for their promise that his planet could develop without fear of interference.

"And will you," asked the Leader, "accept this?" He gave a grandiose sweep of his arm, and a curtain on the stage before them opened to reveal a gleaming white chest, approximately five feet tall, three feet wide, and two feet deep. The crowd in the double-tiered auditorium oohhed and aahhed in admiration.

Al-phar and Mirkin bowed gravely and deeply in the direction of the Leader. Then, with startling suddenness, Al-phar, Mirkin, and the chest disappeared.

Monty Hall stared incredulously at the two empty seats. Those who could see what had taken place gasped and screamed, while the remainder of the audience murmured uneasily, ignorant of what had transpired.

Someone shouted, "I've got a hard-boiled egg!" as the shocked emcee dashed out of the studio.

* * *

"Did the lab figure out what that thing is the Leader gave us?" Al-phar asked his partner over lunch.

"It seems to be some sort of refrigeration device, but you know, I think it's a religious shrine to the Leader's people. There's a light in it that burns all the time; and remember how the people acted when they saw it? I guess it's only natural that they should worship the cold, since their climate is so warm."

"The Chief was pleased with the way we handled the whole thing," Mirkin continued. "He was afraid that they wouldn't accept the ultimatum and that we would have to destroy them. He's got a soft spot for that planet, as he and his wife honeymooned there. As a matter of fact, he wants us to go back with him next year so that he himself can personally collect the tribute from the Leader. Just think, we'll get one of those things every year. I wonder what we'll do with them?"

OLD MAN

As if his feet had found the correct note on the squeaking boards, he halted by the pier.

He stared, as if to find something. One would imagine that his clothes had come about in this way.

His hands were cracked and perhaps just as wrinkled, if not more, than the gray that sat on his head.

His short gray hair blew at end with the breeze as he searched in his pocket for the match he had saved.

Slowly descending, his hand found grip on the pipe and held it in the most formal and projective manner you will ever see.

The match that had managed not to get broken or wet seemed to have already been struck twice and saved.

Raising his shoe, he fumbled around and removed perhaps a nail of some sort. He tossed it over and waited to hear it hit the water Satisfied, he moved the match along the sole of his shoe in a manner that seemed uncommon for himself, or at least his age.

Responding with a flash on the third try, the match was raised quickly to the bowl of the pipe, which sucked in the flame as if to kindle the old man.

His unshaven face danced to the rhythm of the waves. The smoke rose at his command and bounced off his hat and covered the ocean, looking for some source of light.

The dark blue eyes, which seemed unattached to his molded face, peered across the water the same way they had done a hundred times before on nights just like this.

In a manner as if to plan his events for the upcoming day, his mind stood frozen against the night. Thinking, perhaps dreaming. Not of things to come, for he seemed to know them quite well, but of things that had passed and managed to be recaptured and relived underneath a shiny blue hat.

His expectations behind him now, at least for the night, he carefully put the pipe back into the torn pocket.

Singing to himself, he put one foot in front of the other in a manner that would have perhaps been funny at any other time.

Stopping, he looked back over his shoulder, to make sure it was all still there--the water, the match, the breeze, the dreams

Satisfied, he pulled his collar up around his leatherlike neck and fastened the button. He left.

Perhaps to his cottage, a bar, a shack. Wherever old men go

Sonny Slate

Loneliness is just a word
until you experience it.

--Jonathan Allen

I was given life.
Chancing immortality,
I accept the gift.

--Linda Beth Bell

LOOKING ROCK

Your condensed breath seemed to form and hang in icicles from the limber, bare branches over the water.

Until the light melted drop by drop . . . falling upon the same weathered stone that looked different each time.

The source of light, which could only come from within oneself, totally captivated you while your soul ran completely free over the bare field spreading with a lifeless, knitted mat which has cleaned so many feet.

The distorted image which has gone with you through so many hours seeps from the lifeless mirror of the lake,

Dancing about restlessly, finally settles upon some lifeless form.

Melting drop by drop . . .

It fell upon the same weathered stone that looked different each time black water.

So abundant with lifeless activity, it slashed away, brutally sincere, at the bare, unproductive banks

Forming rolling, dipping mounds which your thoughts slide and slip over and down carelessly.

The incoming wave elopes and cradles you into the dark, warm catacombs of your mind different and free.

You never noticed the trees before.

The jagged limbs and frozen buds created a shattered prism that reflected an image of insanity and immortality that almost convinced you this wasn't real

Until it formed and hung beside the icicles . . .

Still melting drop by drop
falling upon the same dry, weathered stone

that looked
different,
and
content.

Sonny Slate

Life is that brief span of time
that begins when you are born
and ends when you die. The day
you are born is a joyous occasion
if you care to picture it that way.
I myself think of it as a fresh
awakening from a cataleptic state.
In other words, you don't really
die.

Jonathan Allen

DAYS OF THOUGHT

Commenting on life is
possible only if you think.
Contemplating is difficult
unless you have the proper
facts.
Concentrating is feasibly safe
if you digest these facts
and put them to good use.
Comprehension is relatively
certain if your reasoning is
tempered with good judgment.
To advance oneself in life,
one should be searching for wisdom
and acquiring much knowledge,
in order of need, desire, and grasp.

--Jonathan Allen

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

It's knowing where you stand
on the important things
of life;
being and feeling a part
of what you are doing;
living each day
to the fullest and trying
to get the most out of it;
concerning yourself
with other problems than
your own and offering
solutions to them.

Happiness is not
something that you feel
but
something that you live.
--Jonathan Allen

PARALLELS

Rain is cold and wet;
so is loneliness.
Despair is as bleak as
the dark clouds and just
as cruel.
Frustration is typified by
the sun trying to burst forth
through the dreary clouds.
Darkness means that the end is
near, but it is hard to say
how it will end. Suddenly
the sun may burst forth, or
a crack of lightning could strike.
Is there no peace?

It is God's plan.

Jonathan Allen

FEAR

What causes it? Does it stem
from experience or guilt? When
does it start, and when does it end?
Its essence is its strength.
To subdue it, you have to override it
with action, or feel ashamed.
It's over or is
it just beginning?

--Jonathan Allen

She cried and whimpered, then
drew up and prepared to fight.
She called us, her sons, to fight
and die beside her.

Her honor drew us to battle to save
her name--and we went by the thousands.

Her breast was covered by our dead;
but on came we to the last--Victory in
our hearts and on our lips
but pain in our eyes.
We fell, rested, and came on
till the smoke of battle had cleared.

She is still ours; we have won.
Her honor and name are forever--
but what about price?

Those who knew them remember.
They know the price that was paid.
Even in glory there is pain.

--Capt. J. C. Wasson, III (Butch)

How hollow a day
 with the absence of laughter,
How empty a heart
 with the absence of love.
How fruitless a poem
 with the absence of words,
How meaningless these words
 with the absence of hope.

--Lu McLeod

Peace of mind is a psychological state
in which the person experiences a brief recess
from the trials and tribulations of the outer
world. He is, in a sense, suspended from life,
because his mind is transcending the boundaries
and servitudes of his present environment.
This cataleptic state does not last very long,
because that is part of God's plan. We must
experience life--all the joys and the sorrows--
in order to maintain a perfect balance between
sanity and insanity.

--Jonathan Allen

Famous North Carolina Trees

Did you know that North Carolina has a lot of famous trees that are preserved? They stretch from the mountains to the coast and represent every part of our history.

The historic town of New Bern has a noted tree. On the banks of the Meuse River is an old cypress under which the first vessel built in North Carolina is said to have been constructed and launched. It is also where notables have made speeches and others are thought to have visited.

Standing in the town of Wilkesboro is the famous Tory Oak. Here Colonel Benjamin Cleveland is supposed to have had a few Tories hanged. The tree is protected by a fence, for it is old and in bad condition.

Who would think there was a Washington Oak? It is located on Highway 30 near Wilmington. Here George Washington is said to have visited and rested his horse. A tablet is nearby.

Maybe the most famous of all is the Davie Poplar, on the campus of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. William Richardson Davie is supposed to have sat here while he wrote a description of the site for the University in 1792.

In north Raleigh is a Henry Clay Oak. Under it sat Henry Clay when he wrote his "Raleigh Letter" opposing the annexation of Texas.

There are many other famous trees standing in North Carolina. Wouldn't it be nice if the voice of the wind could speak our language and tell us what happened there long ago?

Mary Jane Blackley

The Circus in Ancient Times

Let us imagine that we are in the long-dead city-state of Knossos, located on the Greek island of Crete. The year is 2000 B.C.

They are having a circus for a religious holiday. About 10,000 people are gathered in a large stone amphitheater.

A bull emerges into the ring. He lowers his great horned head and a boy is charged. The acrobat seizes its horns and sails over its back in a tumbling somersault. He lands in the hands of a catcher.

Bull-leaping is the first animal-acrobat act recorded in history. It would really be a sensation in a circus ring today.

The arts of juggling and tightrope walking are said to have originated in China, though it is not really known how long ago.

Menageries were established by the Egyptian Pharaohs. Lions, leopards, tigers, and other animals were kept in enclosed parks where they could be viewed by strollers.

But now, let's imagine that we are in Rome, where the circus achieved most of its major events.

The word circus is Latin. It means round, and it describes the oval track the chariot races were run on.

Most of us would find it hard to believe that a circus was ever dangerous. But you can be sure that the Roman circuses were. The wrestlers tried to win matches with holds that were supposed to break their opponents' arms, necks, and backs.

Roman circuses were advertised in advance by signs painted on walls and the sides of buildings.

It was during this time that the circus parade was the standard forerunner to the big show. Companies of soldiers marched ahead of the politicians who furnished the shows. The patron rode a gold-and-silver chariot. Then came hundreds of animals. Then there came the performers.

You can see that the circus had many of its beginnings in ancient times, but with the fall of Rome in the fifth century the circus disappeared overnight.

Mary Jane Blackley

SNOW

It's a crisp cold night
 And all the world is still;
 The stars shine brilliantly,
 And the moon shines like your eyes.
 The rays of light reflect on the snow
 Softly fallen from heaven.

It's beautiful to see this
 Blanket of white.

It's so smooth, the drifts are high;
 The depth of the snow is in your eyes.
 Every time I look into them
 I see your thoughts.

It's beautiful--the snow so white
 And your eyes so brown.
 As I look out my window
 I see us walking
 Together hand in hand
 Playing in the snow
 So happy only one other can understand.

"Watch out for the snowball!
 Hit the snow. My hands are cold,
 But I can beat you in snow football;
 I love winter, I love snow,
 And Honey, I love you."

Then the calmness
 encloses my imagination
 And it's not real. I only
 see two fading people
 in the snow.

The moon reflects every
 move we make,
 Even the sweet short kisses I get
 between the snowball in my face.

The shadow of you on the snow
 Only lets me know how much
 I miss you when you go away.
 Then finally as I come back to
 reality, by a kiss,
 I see you leaving for a while,
 How I drifted away for so long.

The night closes in on me
 As you slowly drive away.
 Be careful, darling, cause I love you.

I kiss the moon and stars goodnight.
 The snow will be there tomorrow
 Just like my love for you.

--Charlotte Fleming

STUDENT NURSES

Yesterday we were children, laughing and gay.
 Today we are maturing in a solemn sort of way,
 Waiting for the moment to display "dignity's crown."
 Good heavens! Tomorrow is three years from now!

Growing and learning and wondering why,
 Laughing and hoping--and silently we cry,
 At times the smile fades into a sad frown,
 Yes, tomorrow is three years from now.

Pressures are demanding, rewards are few,
 Hopes are demolished by fears anew.
 We seem to keep saying, "I just don't see how..."
 Dear God! Tomorrow is three years from now.

Diligently we've studied and painfully learned,
 And slowly, so slowly, the calendar's turned.
 Suddenly we realize, without much sorrow
 That three years is Tomorrow!

--Nancy Bowman

A Plea for Friendship

Remember when--when we were friends,
 The hours we'd spend in wonderful talks.
 Don't forget the walks--from your house to mine
 and my house to yours.

Remember the tears we couldn't cry,
 The times we failed--but we'd always try.
 The many fears we couldn't hide,
 And though we tried, we never lied:

Feelings we shared,
 How each of us cared
 about the other's.

Remember?

What happened? Why did we let it end?
 Which of us was too stubborn to bend?
 Is it ourselves that each of us fights? Is it
 from ourselves we are taking flight?
 Do we dislike ourselves so much
 That each of us turns from herself in the other?

--Nancy Bowman

The Arena

Today many people know little about getting into the arena. Out of their fear of inability to compete, they retreat into their own rationalizations.

We are all searching for significance, and this search is often a struggle. We will take an unsatisfying job, not because we like the potential it offers for a more challenging one, but because we fear to jeopardize ourselves. A job, even a dead end job, can give us some feeling of security.

To be alive is to face risks. And to be alive fully is to open yourself up to all that can happen. Some of the experiences may be painful or offensive; yet, some of them are wonderful and fulfilling.

Each of us has the freedom of creative choice and action, each of us is master of our own destiny.

--Hollis Goodson

the Carnality of Knowledge

It's not as if knowledge is
salacious
but the more knowledge
you gain, the more miserable
you are.
One becomes frustrated at
the lack of answers
for problems.
In a sense you become
overexhausted from having relations
with knowledge--
the more you grasp the stronger
the desire becomes.
It becomes insatiable.

--Jonathan Allen

LOVE IS BEAUTIFUL WITH THE RIGHT GIRL
Love is finding that precious pearl.
When one finds the love of his life,
All is forgotten, all toil and strife.

Long are the days, lonely are the nights
When you are away from the love of your life.
She can be beautiful, she can be smart,
But love only knows the affairs of the heart.

Before I had found that elusive dream,
My life was drifting like a leaf down a stream.
But now I know what love really means--
The sharing, the caring, of each other's dreams.

--Jonathan Allen

Can I touch you?
Are you for real?

I can't believe it,
I can't believe you

You're too good to be true,
You're too great to be mine

I can't believe it,
I can't believe you

You're too much in love,
You're too much mine

I can't believe it,
I can't believe you.

You're not serious,
You're not sure

I can't believe it,
I can't believe you.

You're not mine,
You're not here.

I can't believe it,
I can't believe you
again.

--Sonya Stroud

Wrong is a thing you get deeper into the more
you do it, and yet you wonder why.

Wrong is a thing you don't analyze until after
you do it, and still you wonder why.

But what you don't realize is that wrong
is me, and wrong is you.

Wrong is the money you waste on dope, liquor,
beer, wine, cigarettes, whorehouses and the likes
for it all to turn on you and leave you with
no money, and well-earned,.... headaches.

Maybe some child or even a family could have
used that money some ... way.

Wrong is the hatred you hold within against
everything and everybody, blaming the world for your
mistakes.

Wrong is the love you pretend to give,
when even you know it is not there.

Wrong?

Yes, wrong.

And yet, you wonder why.

--Harvey L. Reid

There! Across the street! such a beautiful
woman!

Wooooooo Look at her!

Her skin the texture of a sunny desert
just after a sand storm,

Her face gleaming with the beauty of features
of a modest Cleopatra,

Her breasts like an evening at young, just
coming into its own.

Thighs, mmmmm, sweet thighs, hips, legs. All
so nicely put together,

features that any sister quietly dreams about
being like that, on her.

But you know, it's a shame that her mind
is in the hands of the system.

DAMN!

--Harvey L. Reid

One came to me in time of grief.
You had caused the grief.

One came to comfort me.
You were nowhere in sight.

One came and gave me his love.
You had forgotten me.

One we were until
You came back,

One now still
You are not here.

--Sonya Stroud

It's a hopeless situation--once you join in there's no turning back . . .
No turning back because there's no place to turn back to . . .
And do you remember the one person, the only true one that you loved?
That one person is back there too, but there's no turning back . . .
No turning back because there's no place to turn back to . . .
Smooth, emerald-shaded blades of dreams and the still, clear blue waters of an imagination . . .
Yes, they're all there, but there is no turning back . . .
No turning back because there is no place to turn back to.

--Sonya Stroud

Love is like a newspaper:
It brings news from the outside world in with a new depth, a new totally different sense of humor; but for only two people.
It serves a thousand and one useful purposes;
Then it becomes outdated; old; yellow and faded.
With an uncaring glance it is picked up from the table and tossed into the bright red and yellow fire.

--Sonya Stroud

Sometimes you love someone
and you simply can't.

The right moment never appears,
Someone stands between you,
You're not really sure;

I think I love you, I
simply can't!

--Susie Woods

Hey, remember that song
the one we always heard together?
Hey, remember that song
the one I always sang to you?
Hey, remember that song,
the one I liked so well?
Hey, remember that song,
the one I always played?
Hey, remember that song,
the one that recalls so many bitter memories.
Hey, remember that song.
I heard it yesterday!

Are you remembering a song
That I forgot the name of?

--Sonya Stroud

Supposing

You never really had to tell me
Nor show me.
I suppose I knew.

I suppose I knew from what you said and
How you acted because
I suppose I knew.

I did feel that way too,
Or did you know?
I supposed you did.

--Sonya Stroud

WHO AM I?

My friends all know me well,
and so they tell their tales;
it's strange, we know each other,
yet never know ourselves.

I never make decisions
but to my friends concede,
for what would be the need of it?
They each know best for me.

Sometimes I wish that I could change
and just be someone else,
and then I too could understand
who I am myself.

--Hollis Goodson

Philosophy After

I feel as though
all my tension is gone,
and yet I ponder
did I do the right thing?
NO!! I know I did not,
for it is written:
"Thou shalt not . . ."
Before, my actions were
mechanical, my emotions
seized with passion.
Now, guilt takes the place
of lust. . . .
And, what about her?

--Jonathan Allen

Spreading Mind

Rolling hills and troubled mountains
 Glowing skies and running fountains
 Dance along the windmills as they blow.

Careless pebbles bounce along, sighing
 with the morning song,
 Reaching for the sun as they glow.

Wings that spread as if to dine,
 robbing catacombs to find,
 Raindrops that bounce off your mind.

The light that breaks the autumn leaves
 harnesses the dead, bare trees
 that turn along the windmills as they blow.

--Sonny Slate

I love

I love God because :

I love beautiful women
 who grace the landscape
 of life

I love the autumn's
 natural beauty

I love a thick
 sirloin steak
 charcoaled to a
 golden brown

I love the paintings
 of Rembrandt and Da Vinci,
 the music of Brahms and Beethoven.

I love life:
 I love God.

---Jonathan Williams

PAPER

LOVE

I fold a piece of beautifully crisp blue paper into a triangle. For you see, this is no ordinary piece of blue paper. On it are carved words of love. (Funny the ink isn't blue too!)

I tear the piece of beautifully crisp blue paper Into millions of tiny pieces. For you see, this is no ordinary piece of blue paper.

On it is my heart Torn, broken (savagely broken, mind you)

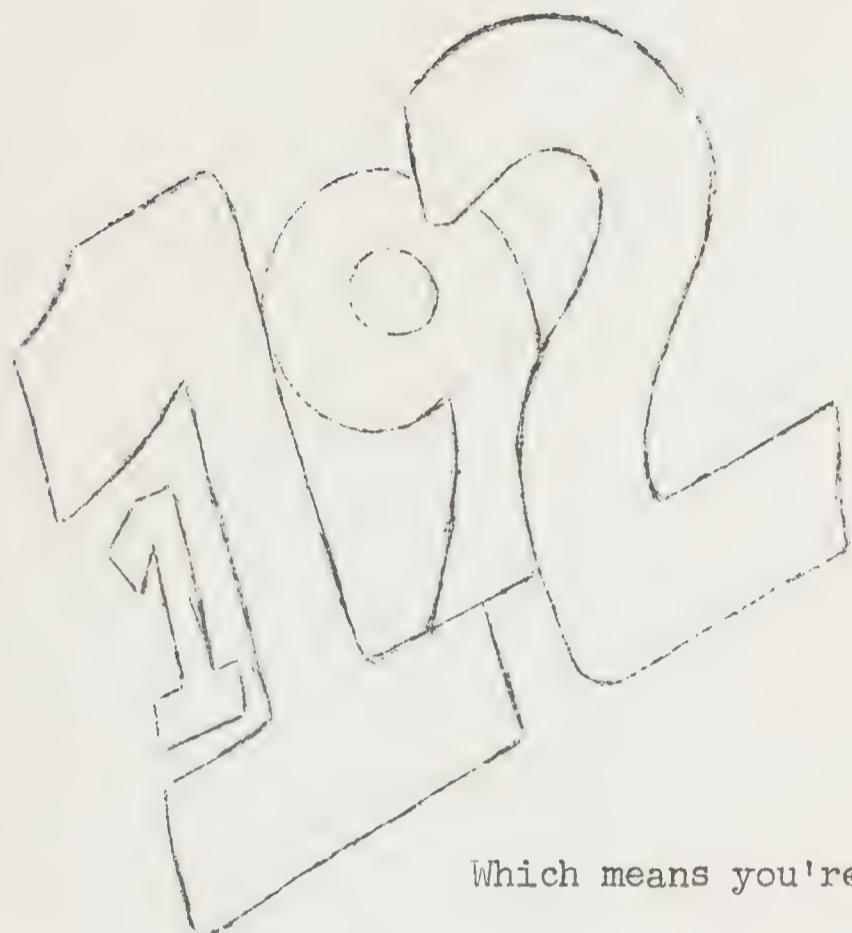
And the small, miniature pieces of blue paper fall on the floor.

--Sonya Stroud

Figure 1. The effect of the number of training samples on the performance of the proposed model.

θ
 $i = n$
 $x = 0$

THE WAY THINGS ARE



Which means you're really a

nine,

Cause you get two points,

Just for loving me.

---Melody

Lacy Fingers



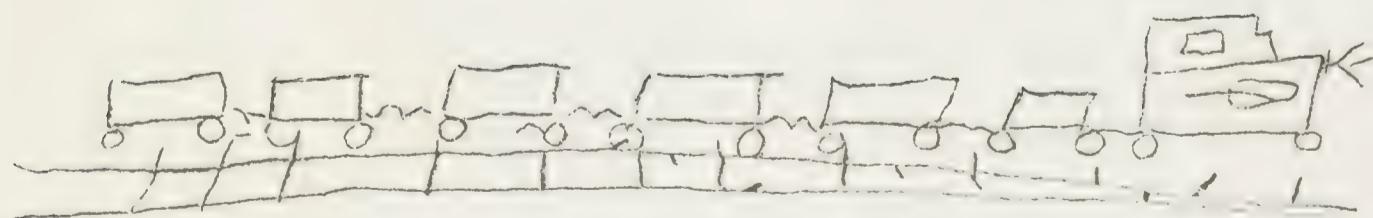
Amid a spray
 of golden oats
 I see from shore
 Atop my sifting throne,
 A wave,
 Birthing up,
 Rising high against the sky,
 Building life so quickly,
 Speeding headlong
 to crescendo,
 Cresting up to fully grown,
 Then,
 Stopping short for one split mo-
 ment,
 Now,
 falling,
 curling,
 in slow motion, Bowing down to meet the beach.
 Surging forth its last damp breath
 To disappear beneath the shells,
 Leaving only lacy fingers
 Straining out --
 As if asking me to hold its hand in death.

--Melody

12:20

Last night the 12:20 passed by,
The silver sentry of the west side of town.
How many times have I heard that train.
Slamming, banging,
Metal scraping, shifting in the night.
Huffing, hissing,
Breathing heavy,
As the big machine gathered strength to move on.
Then, grinding slowly it began,
Faster, Fastest,
The loud rumble turning into rhythm as each car
caught the beat and swayed in time.
Pulling out from FCX,
Passing by Abernathy Field,
Down between the warehouses,
Sounding off at Front Street Crossing.
Three short, one long.
Finally fading away toward Boulevard and open country.
I remember,
I used to lie awake in bed and think
That whistle is the lonesomest thing I've ever known.
But I was younger then,
And hadn't known much.

--Hielody



IF I COULD PROMISE YOU skies of blue,
If I could promise you my love is true,
I surely would. If I only could.

If I could promise you peace on earth,
If I could promise you a new birth,
I surely would. If I only could.

If I could promise you fields of clover
and the white cliffs of Dover,
I surely would. If I only could.

I cannot promise you any of these
Because--well, life itself
Was not meant to be promised
But lived.

R RILLICESHE RILLALICERRILLICERRILLALICESHE

A TOUCH is all it takes
to make a moment complete.
It conveys a feeling
that words cannot.
Without it, the moment
is lost
and never regained.

So please,
 touch me--
I do not want to lose
this moment.

AS I LIE BESIDE YOU
in a field of clover
we gradually become as one being.
Our souls become entwined--
a closeness I have never
known before.
I feel the heat of the sun
upon our bodies
slowly melt us into one--
one we shall always be.

HANDS

Have you ever thought that hands
Reveal a lot about a man,
Not so very much as eyes
But telling just the same.
And the hands that I love best
Are the ones that reach out in the night,
Assuring me that all is right.
I love your hands.

There are the hands of the aged,
Fingers bent and worn away,
Turning through the yellowed page
Searching for an answer.
And the small hands of a child
Stay but in one place a while,
Holding this and touching that
With an awe-like wonder.
But the hands that I love best
Are the ones that hold me tenderly,
And caress me lovingly.
I love your hands.

The hands of the laborer who works
Are coarse and raw with ground-in dirt,
Hands that feed a family,
Hands that know no shame.
And the hands of the deaf and dumb,
Hands that are literally their tongues,
Saying all in exclamation
Bridging up the silence.
But the hands that I love best
Are the ones that cup my own in sorrow,
Saying, dear, we'll have tomorrow.
I love your hands.

--Melody

POETRY BY CANDLELIGHT

When you're alone,
turn out the lights.
Not all words are written
in daylight,
not all memorable moments
captured by light.

Soft light,
that of a candle,
sets the mood.

Light it,
watch its glow.

Your dreams
and expectations
lift from its flame.

The wax is like life with the
flame its center.

Melting; changing form.

It molds to its surroundings.
Every second another change,
another experience.

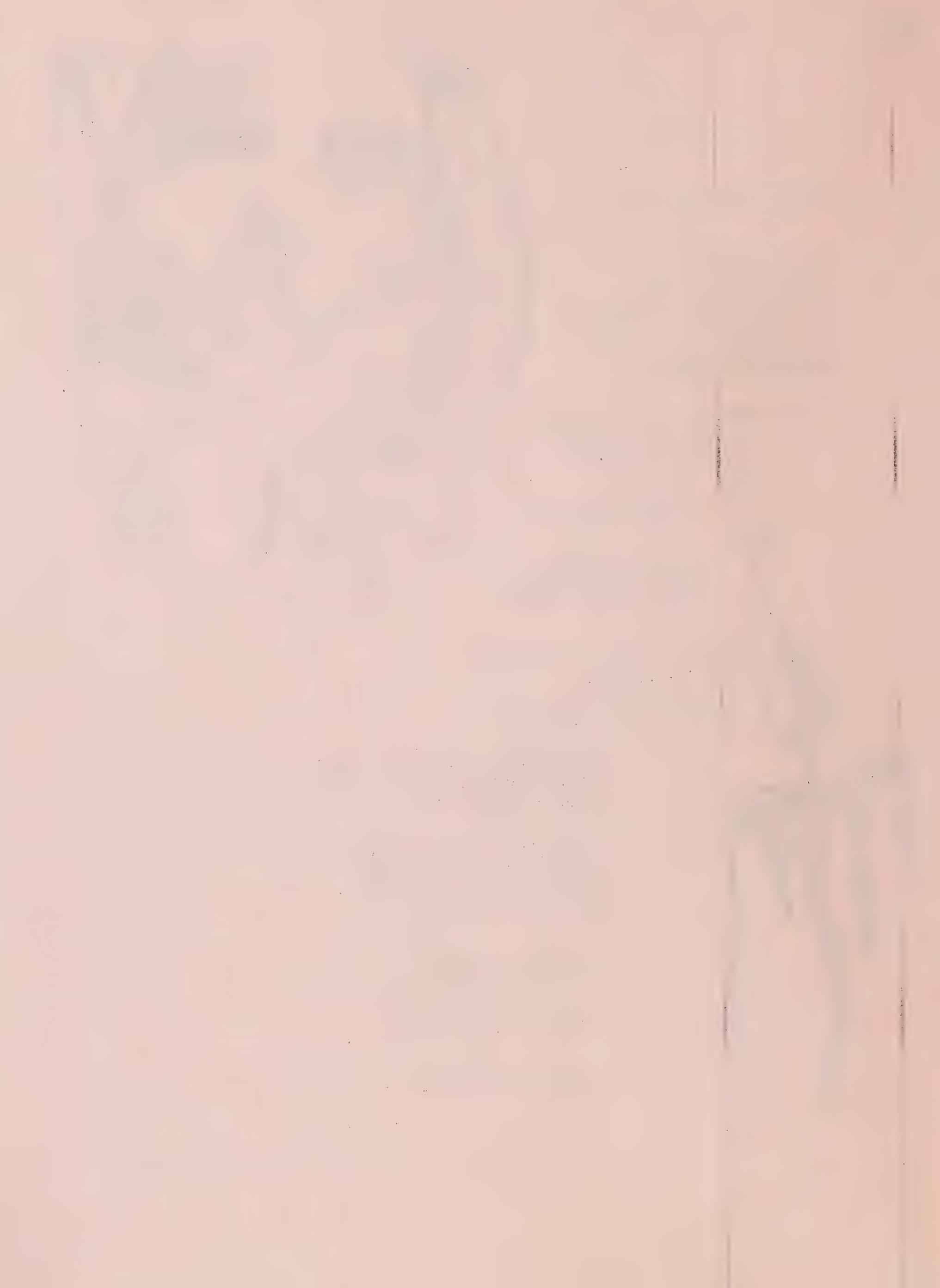
If you watch long enough,
wait long enough,
also your life changing,
molded and remolded.
But still the flame burns.

Suddenly, a flow,
Hot melting wax over the side.
Falling till bottom,
cooling along the way.

Slower, slower, it has stopped;
and so does life.

--Susie Woods

illustrated by John Manning



Mellowing out.

It's a sort of a contented turmoil.
things racing through your mind...

Watching a blizzard of snow flakes
in the warmth of the firelit room...

It's all warm inside thinking these
thoughts about myself and about you.
I know that it shouldn't really matter
what we do individually--collectively, but...

The rain is beautiful outside but its
tragedy is that it too must return to its
source...

Mellowing out is a strange sort of thing
that happens to all of us. It's just a mood
that all of us pass through...

And the wind blows the leaves
away....

--David Millsaps

Who is that in the other room?
She sits quietly and alone.
She is just an ordinary person but
There is something unusual about her.
I wonder if it is in her head?
What is it?
What is it?
Is it in my head too?
What is in the eyes of that
girl in the other room that sits quietly
and alone?

--Karen McClamrock

Why is it that people can't admit the truth?
I just realized that I can't either.
Is it that we are afraid to see ourselves
for what we are? Do you put a sheet over
your mirror in the mornings or do you look
at yourself?
If in the morning you look at yourself in
the mirror, why are you afraid of the truth?
Whatever is past is past and you are the same
in your mirror today as you were yesterday.

--Karen McClamrock

It's your time to go.
You have been called.
As you go - you go with some regrets,
but yet, you have a feeling that it's your duty.
Your good-bys are simple and brief.
As you leave you pray - God, please bring me
back some day - alive and well.

To you, over there was a hell on earth.
Your thoughts were always back home;
they brought you back home; sooner than
you were expected.
Your last wish was fulfilled -
you were home - never again to suffer.

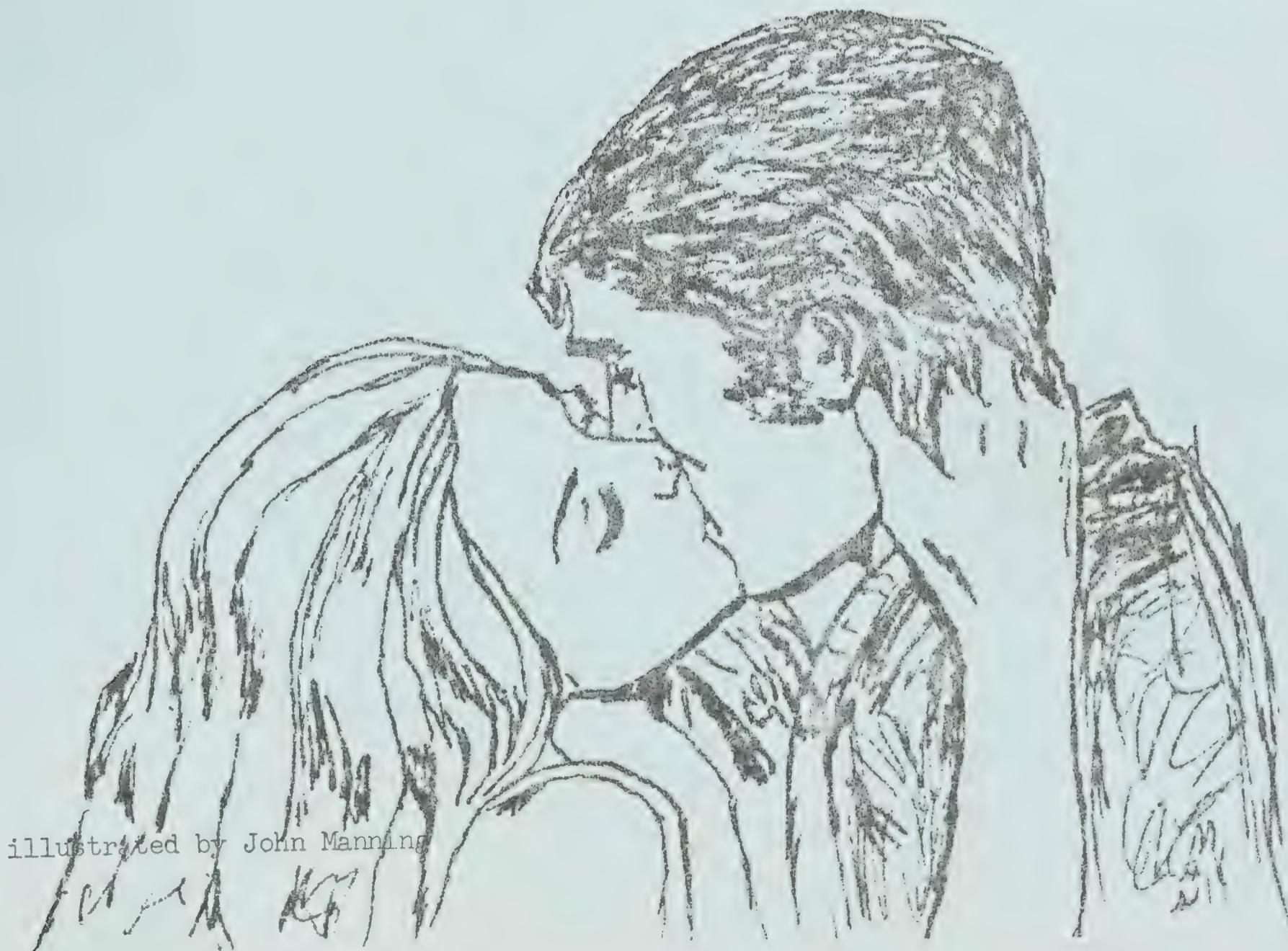
Alice Sherrill



illustrated by John Manning

As I sit here and emptiness surrounds me
My mind becomes a world of only two.
A face appears and smiles gently upon me
Seeking refuge and hope.
I speak not, but I feel many things,
Love engulfs me and I ask not why,
I simply drift with it.

Alice Sherrill



illustrated by John Manning

I wanted to

I wanted to feel your hand,

though I have his hand to touch.

Just to look into your eyes

that I admire so much.

To walk beside you

I'm sure would be wrong

for I've walked

beside him

oh so

very long.

I catch

your face

every now and

then. I don't

care to see his

just yours,

dear friend.

I want

to have you

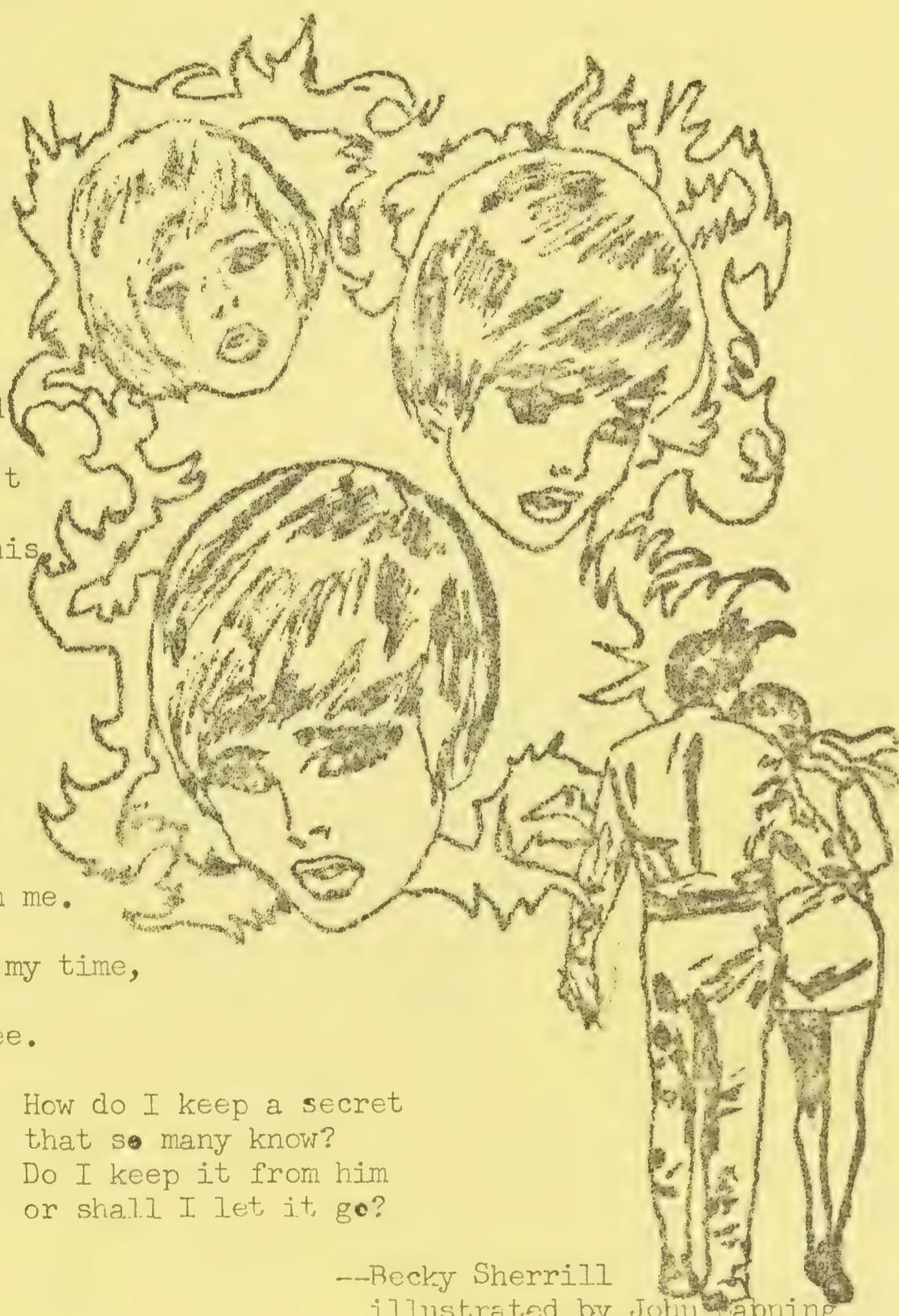
one time with me.

Yet he takes my time,

I'm never free.

How do I keep a secret
that so many know?
Do I keep it from him
or shall I let it go?

--Becky Sherrill
illustrated by John Manning



I see myself as never before.
I am as a bird in flight,
destined never again to land.
The world, once full of blackness,
is now suspended into many beautiful
colors.

They rise and fall--just as the waves
of the ocean, rolling upon the peaceful shore.
My problems, once of prime importance,
have now vanished.

My world is now filled with peace and love.
I now, for the first time, believe in myself.
I feel no need for other people.
I am as one man--suspended in
space--feeling no pain.

My new world is a very beautiful place,
But--once again--I leave.

--Alice Sherrill
illustrated by John Manning



Ah, my soul,
That God would
Lift me and thee
Above us.

Marylan M. Chapman



Illustrated John Manning

Sometimes I think it would be nice
to have someone to frame
to have someone to blame
when my mind has been maimed.

There is no one but me;
I don't want to feel guilt,
I just want to be free.

MISFIT

I need new eyes
For mine are unclean
They have seen bad things.

I need new ears
For mine are unclean
They have heard bad things.

I need a new mind
For mine is unclean
It has thought bad things.

I need a new heart
For mine is broken
It has felt pain.

I need someone
For I am lonely
I need you.

When you come home today
I'll clothe your soul in my
love

And you'll be among the great.

Marylan Chapman

LIMITED LIB

There are times I want to curse
 Like a man.
 There are times I want to fight
 Like a man.
 There are times I want to think
 Like a man.
 There are times when I'm glad
 There is a man.

WHAT IS IT?

What is absolute satisfaction?
 Absolute satisfaction????

REFLECTIONS

A reflection is not me
 A reflection is not you
 But the children
 of us two.

POINT OF VIEW

To others, I am
 big and strong
 wise and good.

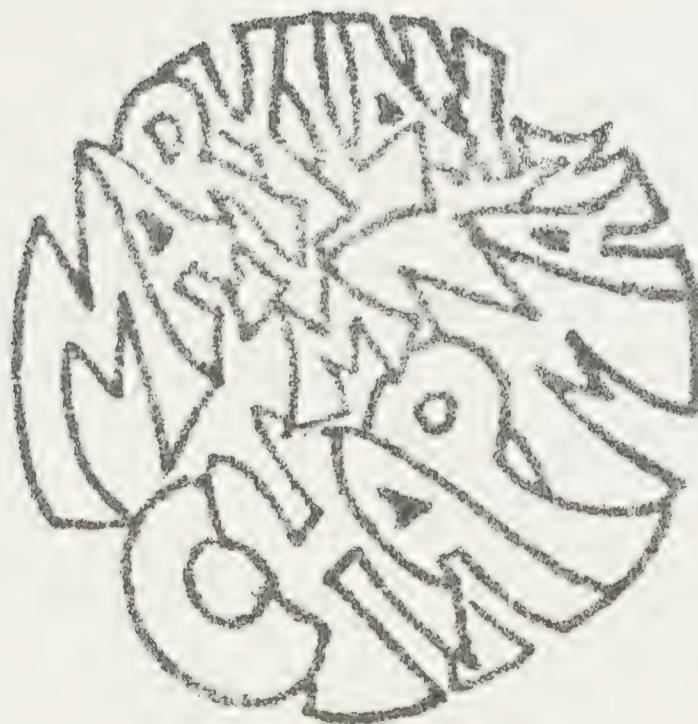
To me, I am
 small and weak
 stupid and bad.

Which am I really--

What I see

or

What they see?



Little retarded cripple boy
 Twisted discarded little toy
 There is nothing I can do
 To help or explain what happened to you.

Little boy with a broken brain
 I'll never come to see you again
 For if I did I'd bring a gun
 And give you fields in which to run.

Without conscience to bother me,
 Just the cruel rules of society,
 This I would so surely do
 And let God explain my love for you.

* * * * *

Much has been said about insanity,
 The common ailment of all humanity,
 And years of study leave no doubt
 That few even know what it's about.

Insanity is, my ignorant friend,
 Only the beginning and not the end.

When the torment inside becomes too much
 The conscious with reality loses touch;
 With no other place left to hide,
 The fleeing mind escapes inside.

A place alone it seeks to find
 Where there is rest for a weary mind.

* * * * *

I have seen you
 the way you were
 I have heard
 the way you are
 I understand
 the way you could be
 and I love you
 in a way which has not been.

Sunset over Cadiz

As my mind wanders back
over time . . . and oceans,
I recall Cadiz and the death
of a day there. Ah! if only
mortal death were as peaceful
as the end of that day. The
open, reflective bay captures
the melon and golden hues of
the sky and holds them still,
till the tiny ripples of wind
change the colors into swirls
of orange and lemon sherbet,
and the floating black mountains
cast soon-coming darkness on
this dark, magical city. Sleepi-
ness lurks as drops of light die
and Steeples of Ebony almost fade
from sight, and the only sounds
to be heard are the twinkling of
the stars and the water resting
upon the sand.

--Lu McLeod

Today appeared to be the end,
Or should I say, just the beginning?
The sky was as dark as night
Yet looked as though it would break into light.
The thunder roared as if the Lord above were speaking,
And the lightning followed.
The wind spoke in deep and loud tones
As if to warn the world.
But the warning was too late.

--Alice Sherrill

ECHO

He's like an echo; he keeps returning.
 His face appears then disappears only to
 be remembered again. Eyes that shined
 are now gone, yet their traces are unending.
 Feelings get new and old with time, while
 reasons continue to change. The recurring
 sound of his voice causes me to recall the
 moments he forgot.

DAYDREAMER

Drifting from the crowd
 to the silence of her memory.
 She has hopes and wishes
 of returning yesterday.
 Her eyes get more distant
 as she continues to meditate.
 She can not be reached now.
 She has absorbed into
 her atmosphere.
 She may come back some time.

WHY do I wear a cross?
 ... Protection ... and
 the fact of knowing that
 he's a friend when no one
 else is.

To touch you
 would make you run.
 To ignore you
 would make you come.
 To love you
 would be made a joke.
 To leave you . . . ?
 I just don't know.

IF YOUR EYES COULD LISTEN
 I gaze into nothing
 and you wonder why.
 What does it mean?
 Now I have to lie.
 I say I'm being distant
 But still I don't deceive.
 If your eyes could listen
 I know that you'd leave.

TO A WITCH

Lady Shazarrau
 is of the moon. She is
 of the midnight and mystic
 gloom. She is the mist
 that lurks upon the ground.
 Come the dawn, she is
 not to be found.



CHILD

She is the child of sadness;
 come the night she cries.
She is the child of madness;
 come the truth she lies.

Child . . .
 Where do you run?
 When will you come?
Come to the light in the night
 and cry.

She is the child of song;
 in the day she sings.
She is the child of wrong
 in the pain she brings.

Child . . .
 Sing of your joy.
 Bring to the boy.
Come to the dark in the sun
 and pray.

She is the child of faith;
 to the soul she gives.
She is the child of hate;
 to the heart she lives.

Child . . .
 Why do you hide?
 Where is your pride?
Come to the warmth of the snow
 and know.

She is the child of rest;
 to herself she'll keep.
She is the child of death
 to her hour of sleep.

Child . . .
 Where have you gone?
 You couldn't hold on.
Come from the earth to the sky
 and fly.

--Becky Sherrill

WAITING

Peering out the window,
 Sitting in a chair,
 Wondering if you're coming,
 Hoping that you care.

Sleeping from 9 till 10,
 Waking up and peering again.
 The sun has gone;
 Then there is rain.

The clouds move away;
 Still my room is grey.
 I sit and pray,
 But it looks like you
 won't come today.

--Becky Sherrill

BEFORE THE BEGINNING

Alone
 in a corner
 a dark corner.
 No controller.
 No nothing to control
 except me;
 not much.
 Open doors
 that lead to
 closed rooms
 empty rooms
 sleepy rooms
 before the beginning
 of class.

--Becky Sherrill

REFLECTIONS

Today,
 I've been thinking about yesterday.
 I know it's wrong
 but still I reflect
 on what used to be and
 can never be again.

--Becky Sherrill

God, in wisdom and in pity,
 gave the people of the world
 their most precious gift: Death.

--L. B.

Sunset
on the road to
Georgia. How I miss
the orange of the blue streaked sky
alone. --L. B.

* * * * *

The winds kissed the trees,
Lovers called forgotten names,
The grass smelled sweetly
As heaven wept pools of
tears for lonely tomorrow. --L. B.

* * * * *

Sometimes we don't mean the words
we say.
We say them
because they are expected.
Yet we love without a "hello"
or a "good-bye."

--L. B.

She remembers ages past
with softlike memories
of
melons
dropped in muddy fields,
an age you and I can not remember
for we
were not even of the womb,
we were nonentities
and she was perfect.
Age is her future. And yet
tomorrow is her goal. She'll
outlive us all,
smiling into the future.

Openly she gave:
Openly I received.
Today we drink to the future
of
melons
dropped in muddy fields
with soft lights erasing their presence.

--L. B.

GOD'S MISSION

A missionary went into a foreign land
 proclaiming to all he saw,
 "God is merciful!
 God is just!"

The starved fell upon him.
 As they sat around the stew
 They said thanks to the God
 That mercifully sent them dinner.
 Their way of showing thanks:
 They justly divided the missionary.

--L. B.

* * *

Sitting here polishing my boots
 and thinking
 about how daubers are used
 to cover up all the scuff marks.

People use daubers all the time--
 laughter to cover up hurt and pain;
 games to cover their emotions.

Funny what a little polish can cover.

--David Millsaps

It is not the ones who throw roses
 on your grave who realize your life
 didn't die. It's the ones you rode
 the roller coaster with, the ones
 you made love with. It's the children
 who learned from you to laugh
 exactly the way you do.
 They are where your life went.

--David Millsaps

A PARTY

It started early,
 friends came and went,
 laughter filled space
 which echoes now of loneliness.
 I wonder if it existed at all.
 But it must have--
 The place is full of empty bottles.

--David Millsaps

Things grow, they evolve, they change;
the pattern is never the same.
Like the Navaho blanket, there is always
some flaw in the workmanship. It may be
deliberate or it may be incidental,
but still the flaw remains.

Things grow, they evolve, they change.
A new form takes shape; it isn't the form
that has been recognized by the times. It
is a new form of living.
Things grow, they evolve, they change.

A new life is brought into existence by
someone's act of love or a result of
their mistake, but that life still exists.

Things grow, they evolve, they change.
A feeling is realized between two people.
It reaches a climax and then reaches
a standstill. Things grow, they evolve,
they change.

A man dies a natural death and he is content
in dying. It is not something he learned
but something that is to be accepted as
a part of living.

Things grow, they evolve, they change.
The pattern is never the same.

--David Millsaps

To soar, to soar up
up past the realms of time
and of reality. To be able to converge
with the sun, the planets, and the universe.

For everything to be an intrinsic part
of my being, to feel not see what is there,
not what I think or guess is there, but to
realize its existence within my own mind that
has been limited by what we are taught.

To soar, to soar up
up past the realms of time
and of reality.

--David Millsaps

